

# Good Morning

128

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Your Letter said R.S.V.P. Haben-ton replies

WELL, who would have thought it?

From Sub-Lieutenant B. Prendergast, of Spearhead, comes a note saying that the person who tops the popularity poll on board is—guess who? Yes, that's right, sailor, once again Jane is the tops.

The Sub-Lieut. assures me that no pun is intended when he goes on to say that next in popularity come the other comic "strips."

Next comes Shop Talk. "Shop," he says, "is the only thing we all have in common, and I think all submariners are interested in doing."

Strangely enough our correspondent puts the "back-page ladies"—sometimes referred to as papsies—among the also-rans, together with the cross-words and illustrated jokes. The first and second page features are also on the credit side.

Against these he sets the Home Town News, which he says is only of limited interest, the family stories and the quiz, and asks for forgiveness for mentioning these things.

I quite agree with you Mr. Prendergast, that the Home Town News is of limited interest only, but as it covers a good number of towns and districts, it must also cover a good many submariners' homes. I sympathise with you if your home town is not one of those covered, but I am sure you will see our point that while this feature is of direct interest to a number of submariners it is

well worth the space in the paper.

And the same applies to the family stories. While they are, of course, meant principally for one person, they are also of interest to his current shipmates and to his ex-shipmates who may have lost touch with him.

I might add that the family stories are an essential part of our policy which is to maintain a contact between you and home. By the way, they are 100 per cent. popular with the folk at home.

Now we get to your third criticism. If there has been one thing that has raised discussion in this office lately it has been the quiz. You suggest it might be more stimulating, and I must say you are not alone in that criticism. But there have been other suggestions that the puzzle is far too difficult, and so there is nothing we can do but steer the middle course as successfully as we can manage.

All that is left now, I think, is to thank you for your kind words, and on behalf of the staff here, return the kind wishes to you and all on Spearhead.

✱ ✱ ✱

VERY frank is S.P.O. F. Mulgrew, late of Tradewind. He says that when they first received "Good Morning" they didn't think much of it, but added that it is surprising the way it had risen in popularity. I'm glad to hear it.

(Continued on Page 2)

## Wanted: Site for Hammock, A.B. Jack Bacon

THAT shanty "A-Roving" wouldn't affect you, A.B. Jack Bacon, but to Fluffy we should think its sentiments mean a great deal. He still gets the wanderlust frequently, and then your wife and daughters lack the company of their black, adventurous mouser at 26, Arthur Road, N.7.

All the same, Fluffy honoured Holloway with his presence the day we called. Indeed, he must have been out on the razzle a little too thoroughly, because all he seemed to want was to sleep.

If he persists in his present mode of living, he will probably be the most frequent occupier of the hammock that Monica and Maureen are expecting you to bring home with you. They are still searching for a place to sling it—not with great success.

They are waiting for the chance you promised them of looking over your boat so that they may get some ideas by watching the way real matelots do this sort of thing.

Going from Holloway to Harlesden, your wife told us that your mother, who continues to keep well, has recently had a postcard from Paddy.

Monica said there were 28 words on it, but that was sufficient for him to assure the folk that he is well, and also that he has received Bridie's letters.

Your mother hopes it will not

be long before you will both be home again for good, and that wish is endorsed by all at Harlesden and Holloway.

Your wife hoped, meanwhile, that you like the picture of her and the children, for which you have agitated so long. What do you say, Jack?



# COUNTY OF WILTS



A corner of old houses at Lacock, village typical of the county.

THERE are, I think, two counties of England where you may still sense the almost active presence of forces that were all-powerful in those dark ages of the threshold of history. Some people term those forces "the old gods." Others refer to them as "the primeval force of Nature." Others do not refer to them at all. They are the practical people who have no sense of these things; the people who will make lots of money.

You may get this sensing of something strange in any part of England. Yet I believe that in Cornwall and Wiltshire you are aware of it as part of the atmosphere. But in these two counties it is not the same thing you feel.

All this sounds very fanciful, but go and stand at Stonehenge on a summer's evening when the crowds of sight-seers are not there. You will soon forget the two wide modern speed ways that hem it in; the wire enclosing it; and the little box at the entrance where you pay your entrance money.

For those great stones, as ancient as any work of man in this Island, are a permanent reminder of the dark ways of the men who worshipped "the old gods."

Perhaps it is the wealth of such pre-historic remains that helps to give Wiltshire this special atmosphere. You have the Avebury Circle, and Silbury Hill—the largest artificial mound in Europe—and numerous other smaller evidences of ancient monuments of man-

kind. Indeed, I believe there are no less than 2,000 round "barrows" and over 60 long "barrows" where dead warriors were buried, in the county, not to mention hundreds of small collections of "stones" and single ones set up by those men of pre-history.

You have the great wall and ditch of the Wansdyke, the entrenchments at Ogbury and Winklebury—and so on.

But the Wiltshire Downs are not one huge museum. Far from it! They are great, glorious, swelling expanses that give you a feeling of freedom

of the friendly kind that invites you to their heights and encourages you to walk for miles along their brows.

Down in the valleys, picturesque villages cluster round weathered churches, beside small streams and under tall trees, with winding lanes running through wooded countryside or through the water-meadows where the patient cows chew the cud. Wiltshire is famed for its cheese, and it is a bountiful producer of milk. Perhaps that is why its chief height is called Milk Hill.

The villages are jewels. Deep

and rambling pub, sets the seal upon its worthiness.

Of the principal valleys—those of the Wylye, the Avon and the Nadder, I prefer the first, although each has its individual beauty and each contains much that is delightful.

Passing along the length of the Wylye you come across so many pleasant places that you feel you want to stay in each one in turn. It is a countryside of small things—little stone bridges, tiny clusters of thatched or stone-tiled cottages, mellow little churches, narrow lanes, cosy inns and picturesque mills.

It is a pleasant land.

If you want a change from this prettiness, you have but to go to Savernake—that vast expanse of forest by Marlborough which is probably the finest stretch of forest land left in the country.

Great beech avenues take you for miles through thickly-wooded territory with now and again wide glades which enable you to get a glimpse of the glory of the trees. Here, more than in any other place, you are cut off from the affairs of the world and can let your imagination wander to the ageless beauty of the surroundings known to men ever since men were in Wiltshire.

I suppose Wiltshire is the least known county in the South. It has no sea-board to invite holiday makers. It has no especial claim on the tourist—unless he be of the energetic sort willing to walk the long stretches of the Downs. It remains, more than its neighbours, untouched by the crowds who throng southwards or westwards in summertime.

And yet, because it is least touched by progress, it pays high rewards to those who wander by its rivers, through its villages and over its hills. Even Salisbury Plain, so long as you have not been stationed there under military discipline, has its enticements.

## D. N. K. BAGNALL conducts a tour of the least known county of Southern England

and light-heartedness when you are walking them, or, from the valleys, rise up before you as the ever-present green and gracious background to the delightful villages that dwell in their coombes or nestle at their feet.

From their summits you gain as fine a view of English countryside as you will get anywhere.

A scene of continually changing beauty is revealed as you pass from crest to crest. They have none of the grandeur of the higher places (for none of them rises to the 1,000 foot mark), but they have a beauty

that gives many of the cottages an air of old-world charm. Near Salisbury there is a string of small places that for rustic beauty can hardly be bettered.

For some reason or other known only to those who study the matter, most of them have "Winter" in their names, though they are full of the cheerfulness of summer.

Coombe Bissett, to the southwest of Salisbury, is a picture of southern grace, with its masses of thatch gathered round a delightful little church set on a mound.

At the other end of the county you get such exquisite places as Cricklade, Ashton Keynes and Biddlestone. And Lacock, with its half-timbered cottages and warm-grey stone buildings, and with two comfortable inns, the "Angel" and the "George." And Castle Coombe.

Castle Coombe should have a place to itself in any survey of the English countryside. Set in a wooded hollow of the hills, with a river running through it, it contains more charming cottages, stone-roofed and gabled, and with all kinds of flowers and creepers in their gardens and climbing their walls, than any other village in the county.

Indeed, it would vie for the title of the prettiest village in England, were that hotly contested championship ever fought out.

It has one of the pleasantest market squares in the country, and "The Castle" inn, ancient

We ALWAYS write  
to you, if you  
write first  
to "Good Morning,"  
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1



## Thanks for Yours

(Continued from Page 1)

CALLING E.R.A. Tom Brother—the "Mirror," was it, Signal-ton, of "Sleuth." This is man Sam Lawton? Well, I to tell you, Tom, that your hope by now you will have seen family story appeared in "Good Morning" 631, and that a copy contains some more pictorial would have been sent to your souvenirs of the event and an people at the time the edition was printed. If by any chance they have not received a copy, you might let me know, and I will see what I can do about it.

I don't know whether your suggestion that we devote a certain amount of space to articles on dance bands would meet with general approval or not. If there are many other Submariners who feel as you do, then we will have to do something about it.

The difficulty, I fear, would be to find bands with sufficient story to merit the space. Your postscript that the article on Ivy Benson's band was of the type you mean, is all very well, but there you had a case of the band with a story. But I think I can promise you that if we come across another with equal news-value, then we will give them space.

SO the first you knew of Ron Richards' wedding on "Trident" was that photograph in

By the way, you're quite right about that picture in the "Mirror." That is Jack Monk doing his best to get out of the limelight.

On behalf of Ron I should just like to thank you and all on "Trident" for your congratulations. Believe me, they are appreciated.

THANKS for the invite, A.B. Ray Rostron. When "Statesman" gets around these parts again I hope I shall be on the reception committee. I'll be looking forward to it.

AND that's all for to-day, except to say that if you keep the letters coming in this column is not going to fall flat.

## We Doff Our Hats

MORE awards for submariners announced in the London Gazette are as follows:—  
For courage, endurance and outstanding skill in successful patrols whilst serving in H.M. Submarines:—

Bar to the D.S.C.  
Acting Lieut.-Com. (E) Hugh Anthony Kidd, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N.

D.S.C.  
Lieut.-Com. Hugh Stirling Mackenzie, D.S.O., R.N.  
Lieut. Lawrence Hugh Oliphant, R.N.  
Lieut. John Anthony Spender, R.N.

Mr. Reginald William Arthur Collings: Warrant Engineer, R.N.

D.S.M.  
Acting C.P.O. Frederick William Jordan.  
Temp. Acting C.P.O. Leslie William Penketh.  
Chief E.R.A. Cyril Alfred Jennings.  
E.R.A. George Henry May.  
Temp. P.O. Reginald Gerald Roy Chapman.  
Temp. Acting L-Stoker Daniel Conroy.  
Temp. L-Cook (S) Thomas Mulloy.

A.B. Norman Albert Cloke.  
A.B. Charles William Gregory.

Mentions.  
Temp. Lieut. Ronald Morris Perch, R.N.V.R.  
Temp. Lieut. Geoffrey Michael Graydon Tibbs, R.N.V.R.  
Temp. Sub-Lieut. John Michael Williams, R.N.R.  
C.P.O. Gilbert Henry Line.  
E.R.A. Stanley Clements.  
E.R.A. Tyrrel Helier Musselwhite.  
Temp. P.O. Stanley Reginald Payne.  
S.P.O. Stewart James Mitchell.  
S.P.O. Alfred Monks, D.S.M.  
Temp. L-Tel. Benjamin William Stokes.

Temp. Acting L-Stoker James William Young.  
L-Seaman Alec George Adams, D.S.M.  
Acting L-Stoker Roy A. Berwick.  
A.B. James Haycock.  
Good work, gentlemen!

FOR bravery, skill and determination shown whilst serving in H.M. Submarines in successful patrols in the Far East:

Bar to the D.S.C.  
Lieut. William St. George Anderson, D.S.C., R.N.R.

D.S.C.  
Lieut. David Riley Johnston, R.N.

D.S.M.  
Acting C.P.O. Cyril Edwin Charles Averillo.  
E.R.A. John Glasgow McGilvray.  
Acting P.O. Kenneth John Holmes.  
Acting L-Stoker Cyril William Davies.  
A.B. Frederick George Bullivant.  
A.B. Edwin John Clarke.

Mentions.  
Lieut. Edward Marsh, R.N.  
Lieut. Robin Usher, R.N.  
Lieut. Ronald Stewart Hardman, R.N.R.  
Temp. Lieut. Frank Albert Wicker, R.N.V.R.  
Mr. Albert James Bravery D.S.M., Warrant Engineer, R.N.  
E.R.A. Stanley Hazelwood.  
Acting P.O. George Ocken-don.  
P.O. Tel. Victor Ruddock.  
E.R.A. Hugh McDowell Gibson.  
S.P.O. Leslie James Davies.  
A.B. Peter Dennis Pattie.  
A.B. Robert Tait.  
Tel. Harry Hatton.  
Congratulations to you, gentlemen, from yours truly.

## The Bishop's Move

YOU and I, I take it, don't want strongly doubt it: our characters to scream with the rabble, to are, both of them, many-sided and feel the pleasure of a gush for the not simple: the position of mar-moment, and then sink back to the riage involves necessarily a loss of commonplace level: we want to independence of judgment: you devote our whole lives to one cannot estimate a thing so well another, and not to one another when it is fixed permanently at a irrationally, but to one another given distance from you: to see it glorified and beautified, yet still at various distances, in various and real: to weave the gossamer of lights, to weigh the treasure well sentiment into the web of common which you know you are going to stuff, and make the coarsest sell all you have to buy, but have threads glitter with its brilliance. not bought yet, will not this help

Is it an easy task? Is it one which the coarse mechanical ap-ness, will not the longings you have liance of getting married to gone through make you esteem the morrow, and settling it somehow, possession more? I don't want us to depend too



YOU can call these two pictures Peace and although the pegs will soon be out—on the War, after Landseer, very much after him. washline, and not the Siegfried Line where the The gunner's mate has thousands of cartridges washing has been taken down a peg or two. in his snaky belt, and the peddler has thousands The washpigs are made from special timber, in his. There is a fashion note here. That of and it takes a bit of doing to have them all cut the gunner's mate is right out of date now, and smooth with just the right "spring" in them. that's why he has his back to you; while that You can call them the ammunition of a cleaner of the peddler is coming right into popularity, Britain.

## YOU CAN'T BUY NAGS IN ST. PAUL'S

(You could once, says Marcus Delinger)

IT was said recently that St. Paul's Cathedral was slipping, one wall was two inches out of the plumb. This may mean that additional work will have to be carried out; but then work never ceases on St. Paul's. It suffered from war damage, apart from any slipping of its foundations.

It is doubtful if the average citizen of London, let alone visitors, have much idea of the romance that clings to this famous church.

Next time you are in London, and visiting St. Paul's it may surprise you to be told that there was a time when business was done openly within its walls, and that horses were bought and sold under its roof. Yet such was the case.

Not only so, but about 1600 a man named Bankes, who was the owner of a wonderful performing horse, actually rode it up to the roof, where he appeared before the citizens; and as an old chronicler puts it, "the horse appeared on top to the delight of a large number of asses who stood braying below."

That St. Paul's, of course, was not the present edifice. As a matter of fact, the present cathedral is the third that has stood on the site. It is the fifth in size among the great churches of the world.

This fact is asserted in an inscription on the pavement in front of St. Peter's, in Rome, where are given the dimensions of St. Peter's and also the cathedrals of Seville, Milan and Florence, and then the area of "the heathen temple" of St. Paul's, in London.

The first St. Paul's was built by Ethelbert, King of Kent. It was the church of a monastery, which the pious king endowed with the manor of Tillingham in Essex. Tillingham still belongs to the Dean and Chapter. The

much on one another. I want you to be you and me to be me, and yet both of us absolutely one: and to do so we must each of us fuse together the ideal and the real, not rush too soon to grasp the real and so sink with the ideal.

Mandell Creighton, afterwards Bishop of London (1871).  
From a letter to his fiancée, Louise von Glehn.

church was destroyed by fire during the reign of William the Conqueror.

Then came the building of what is known as Old St. Paul's. It was begun in 1087, but the work went very slowly, and it was not till the thirteenth century that the largest part was erected.

In 1255 the then Bishop of London asked for contributions to repair "the effects of a tempest which had so shattered the roof so that it appears very ruinous." He got his contributions, and in 1283 the church was completed.

It was nearly 1,000 feet long, and had a spire, covered with lead, that rose to a height of 500 feet. This spire must have been visible for a long distance, for the spire of Salisbury Cathedral, which is about 400 feet high, is reckoned the highest in all England to-day.

At that time "good firm marble" cost fivepence per foot. The Bishop sold indulgences to all who contributed to the cost, and even the workmen who were building it got indulgences for their labours.

John Evelyn, the historian, states that this Old St. Paul's was "a stable for horses and also a den of thieves." Mercantile chants met there to do business, and people came to stroll and talk loudly within the walls. Horses were bought and sold there. You will find a reference to this in Shakespeare, where he makes the Page say "Bar-of St. Peter's and also the cathedrals of Seville, Milan and Florence, and then the area of "the heathen temple" of St. Paul's, in London."

In the time of James I the promenade of the upper classes was inside St. Paul's. They met there in the morning at eleven and walked up and down the middle aisle, and again from three till six in the afternoon, discussing business, and the news of the day.

Lawyers of importance each had a pillar at which stance they met their clients and talked over cases to be heard.

The great spire was destroyed by fire and lightning in 1561. In 1620 James I appointed a Royal Commission to consider the repair of the cathedral, and Inigo Jones was placed in charge of the work. But although a large sum was

collected for the repairs, the Civil War broke out and the Roundheads confiscated the money, amounting, it is said, to £100,000.

In Charles II's reign the work was renewed, and more money collected. Christopher Wren was given the job, but the Great Fire came along and St. Paul's was burned down.

After the fire Wren was again consulted whether it was worth rebuilding or putting up a new church.

He decided on the latter course.

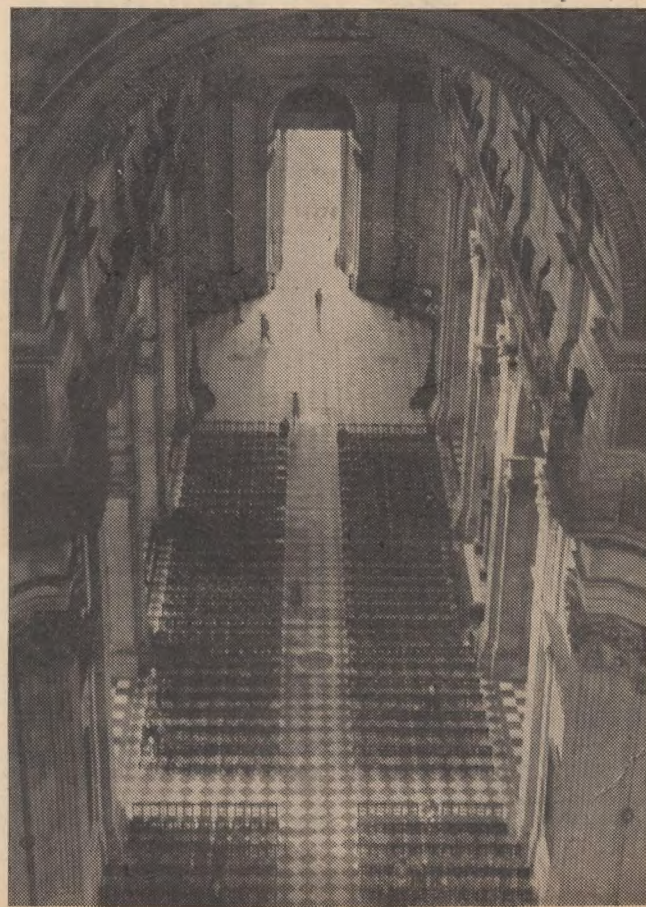
But the old St. Paul's had been so strongly erected that they had to use gunpowder to blast the foundations; and the people living near objected to

the noise so much that Wren engaged battering rams.

There were great arguments about Wren's first design. Some said it was not sufficiently ecclesiastical. He then drew another design, but later was allowed to make alterations. And this is the present St. Paul's.

More arguments began about the interior decorations. One party suggested getting four Italian painters to decorate the ceilings, but the idea was dropped. Since then the great church has been really a church and part of the life of the nation. Twenty years or so ago a sum of £100,000 was collected for more repairs.

But, as I have said, St. Paul's is always needing repairs.



## CON MEN

WITH the paying out of hundreds of thousands of pounds in Service gratuities within the next few months, special watch is being kept by the police for confidence tricksters who may try to cash-in on these nest-eggs.

Men and women now being demobbed are being warned by their commanding officers to steer clear of doubtful strangers with so-called money-making schemes—and of friendly manner.

Recruits to the police forces are being given special lectures and demonstrations in the methods used by the "con men."

The tricks these crooks use range from the "old fashioned" gold-mine shares sale to offers of phoney shops or businesses which ex-Servicemen are told can be theirs for a moderate investment.

The "con men" usually work in pairs. No 1 strikes up a conversation with the prospective victim. They are joined by No. 2 crook—apparently a complete stranger to No. 1.

Over a drink, No 2 puts up a "sales" talk, which, apparently, impresses No. 1, who appears to fall for the scheme.

Having set their bait they get to work on the victim, who, unless he is wise, finds himself minus the hundred pounds or so he has earned throughout years of fighting and hardship.

No business deal should be conducted with anyone not known personally to the person concerned.

If you, ex-Submariner Smith, should be in doubt, consult a solicitor—or the police.



# BUCK RYAN



## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

AFTER last week's rather gloomy forecast of the future of stamp collecting, I am glad to introduce Mr. Guy Harmer, of Harmer, Rooke and Company, the stamp auctioneers, who is feeling really very bright about the post-war years.

"So many newcomers have joined the ranks of stamp collectors since the war began," he says, "that the general demand is measurably greater than it was in 1920. This should help to keep the market stable."

Well, Mr. Harmer ought to know because he handles stamps in a big way. During the past season the value of stamps auctioned at the Strand Sale Room was about £100,000. Mr. Harmer has three important collections on hand to sell before the end of the year, and together they'll fetch more than £30,000. Unused British Colonial issues are still favourite with the majority of collectors.



A NUMBER of correspondents have written to ask what is the real position about the Channel Islands issues. It is a bit difficult to answer as there is no general agreement among philatelists as to whether the stamps should be treated purely as locals or whether, because they were used for legitimate postal purposes by Islanders who never associated themselves with the Germans, they should be given full recognition.

A fortnight after the liberation of the Islands I received a letter from Jersey franked solely with the 2½d. value of the pictorial issue. Since this was good enough for the British Post Office there seems to me no doubt that the stamps will be treated eventually as a proper postal issue. I am by no means sure, however, that they are worth touching from an investment standpoint. A deal of speculation is going on, especially over the Guernsey issues, and absurd prices are being asked. For the bistic the prices are fantastic. The use of the bisects lasted from December 22, 1940, to February 22, 1941, and during this period some 150,000 "provisionals" were used.



DESPITE the fact that the Japanese Forces entered Rangoon on March 8, 1942 (points out a writer in the Stamp Magazine), it was not until June 1st that the Post Offices were reopened, and only then for unregistered mail. This was partly due to lack of organisation by the military forces, partly due to lack of personnel to operate the offices, and partly because the Japanese were extremely adverse to using the current King George VI issue of stamps.

At first an interim issue was made consisting of the current King George VI issue overprinted with a plain cross in several colours of ink. The majority of the overprints were made by using hand-carved wooden stamps, and, on account of this, forgeries, even in the case of stamps passing through the post, are more numerous than genuine copies.

In order to counteract this, the Chief Japanese postal official named Yana introduced a measure whereby Post-Offices would only accept unstamped letters, the stamps being affixed by the postal officials themselves and retained.

Since this measure was introduced towards the end of April, used copies bearing postmarks of May and later dates, are invariably genuine.

During the years following, the Japs printed quite a number of issues for occupied Burma, including pictorials. Generally used copies will be difficult to come by, but large quantities of mint copies were looted by our troops as they fought their way to Rangoon. When all the muddle gets sorted out there will be some surprising prices, chiefly for the postally used copies.

I AM reproducing this week two designs from an air mail sent from Monaco. The Venezuelan stamp commemorates the 80th anniversary of the foundation of the Red Cross and the 37th anniversary of Venezuela's adhesion to the society. There are four values for ordinary postage and seven for air mail.

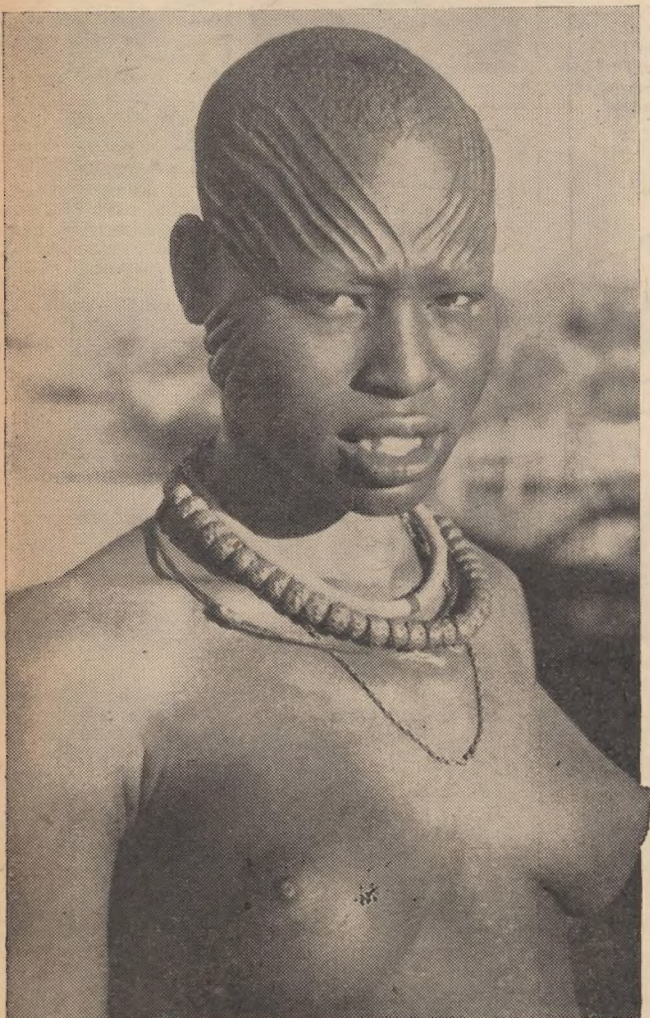


# Good Morning



## BEAUTY DOWN THE AGES.

To-day, we are presenting a page of pictures dedicated to efforts of the female of the species to beautify herself. Ready, gents.? Right, here we go. Our first shows the charming habits practised in the open-air beauty parlours at San, in the French Sudan. Here a native woman is having the local beautician fix her hair. The seeker after beauty is a Red Bobo (so help us !)



The gal with the bee-stung lips has really gone to town and has spent nearly all of hubby's hard-earned coin on having those cunning scars cut on her cranium. Trick is to open the head and cheeks with a sharp knife and then rub dirt into the wounds to cause infection.



Vegetables have great beautifying properties, so have fruits and salads. Slices of lemon, cucumber and melon are laid on the face in the latest American beauty treatments. It is believed that the juices contain beneficial astringent properties. The gal on the left has outsmarted her rivals (above). She's got a slice of watermelon on her mug.



The gal having her cheeks slapped with the paddle-dings believes that it's good for her. We agree, for once. It would do her a lot of good to have her cheeks slapped. We'd like to wield the paddle !



At first glance, we thought this girl was having a course of instruction in the art of blowing raspberries. Could be. But, in fact, she's having a spot of muscle-moulding. It's the key to those important nose-to-mouth lines—and terribly, terribly, important.



We've never seen a beauty take her boats into the foam bath before, but Judy O'Brien, film starlet, apparently can't be parted from them. Must have lost her heart to a sailor—or something.



This is the job we should have gone in for ! Fancy being paid to daub thick, sticky, rubber-like messes like this all over your enemy's face ! Joke of it is, the poor dears think it improves their complexions.